

ON SINGLE STATEHOOD

Governor Barnes Has a Word With Indian Territory.

NOT A CHANCE TO LOSE

And Everything to Gain by Union, He Argues.

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 17.—The single statehood sentiment in the Indian territory has developed into an almost universal demand for a union with Oklahoma, and the Purcell Register, which for years has kept up the fight single-handed, almost for this very object, now has the satisfaction of being supported by nearly every newspaper of prominence in the territory. The great bugaboo flouted by the opponents of single statehood is the alleged enormous debt of Oklahoma, in reference to which Editor W. H. Walker, of the Register, had occasion to write to Governor Barnes. The governor's reply is as follows:

Purcell, Ind. Ter.
W. H. Walker,
Dear Sir:—I note your favor of July 21. I cannot, at present, undertake to write an article on the subject of statehood. Of course there is no sense in the claim that the Indian Territory would be obligated any way to contribute to the statehood, to pay county, town, or school district indebtedness. The territorial debt does not amount to anything comparatively speaking; three hundred thousand dollars will cover it all and more. The benefits that the Indian territory would derive from participating in our public school funds would be much greater than its obligation that would possibly attach to them on account of our public indebtedness.

Our school lands are yielding a revenue of about \$1 per capita for each child in the territory each year and we are entitled to and will undoubtedly get additional donations whenever legislation is had in regard to statehood. We have now a good university at Norman, fine normal schools at Edmond and Alva, the Agricultural and Mechanical college at Stillwater and a college normal at Langston, all of which are maintained without much expense to the people.

You have no doubt seen the resolution introduced by me at Norman which was unanimously adopted by the board, opening that school free to the youth of the Indian Territory. It is my purpose to ask the boards having charge of the other schools to do the same thing at their next meeting.

Oklahoma has refrained, so far, from locating public buildings of any character except the schools herein referred to, and while an attempt is being made to locate the Indian Territory. It is my purpose to ask the boards having charge of the other schools to do the same thing at their next meeting.

SHE DIDN'T HEAR THE TRAIN

Mrs. Minnie Conley Struck and Instantly Killed at Cross.

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 17.—Says the Ponca City Courier: The southbound Santa Fe freight struck and instantly killed Mrs. Minnie Conley at Cross. It is down grade here, and the heavy freight was making up time. It struck her near a crossing and she was knocked against the track fence. In all probability she was killed instantly as she never manifested signs of life after being struck. Mrs. Conley is the wife of one of the Hutchinson and Southern graders and lived in a tent on the east side of the track. She came out of the tent and without seeing the train, which was only a short distance away, walked onto the track. A number of persons saw the accident. When they found her she was lying face downward near the track, the blood oozing from her nose and mouth. There were no marks on the body, but she was unconscious and no signs of life appeared. Mrs. Conley had quite a family, but lost them all by sickness, and it is reported that she has been morbid and moody of late. Her husband was nearly crazed by the accident, and attempted to kill himself with a gun last night. The opinion that Mrs. Conley was demoted by recent misfortune of her children is not seriously regarded by those familiar with the occurrence.

IN THE EICK MURDER CASE

Connelly Preparing for a Hard Fight on

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 17.—The Oklahoma City Times-Journal says: "County Attorney Taylor returned from Lexington yesterday with clothing which he wishes to use in the case against King and Hopper. Judge Case, who is attorney for King and Hopper, telephoned from Lexington that he would not appear to bring Williams and Frazier here to produce an alibi for the accused men, until the day of the preliminary hearing. The arrangement is taken by many to mean that it is impossible for the men to prove an alibi or to produce the third man who was with King and Hopper. The county attorney returned from El Reno this morning, where he had been in search of evidence in the case. The preliminary hearing will not take place until the county attorney has secured evidence which he thinks will secure the binding over of the accused."

ALLOTING TO CHOCTAWS

Mr. Little Tells How the Work Is Progressing.

Perry, O. T., Aug. 17.—Will Little, who owns a splendid property near this city, and who was recently appointed one of several persons by the government to allot the millions of the Choctaw Nation their lands under the Dawes commission, is in the city for a few days. Mr. Little says the work is progressing well, but the climate is such that malaria and chills and fever came great trouble to the different squads of men at work in allotting the land to the Indians. The members of his party started in at the foot of the Shawnee hills on the Choctaw Nation and from that point worked south to a point near Atoka. From that place they will go east a short distance and from there proceed north again until they again reach the hills.

Fretwell Taken Back to Georgia

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 17.—J. A. Fretwell who is accused of swindling the people in various towns in the territory with a

paint right fake, has been taken back to Georgia to answer charges of swindling in that state in the same line of business. He was arrested at Delta, Pa., near county.

LONG-FOUGHT CONTEST CASE

Barber vs. Andrews Has Been Decided in Plaintiff's Favor.

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 17.—A decision in the case of Eliza Barber vs. John A. Andrews, living near Kildare, has just been handed down by the secretary, according to the Perry Enterprise. It is a voluminous document covering 11 pages, and closely reviews the case. This case was twice decided by the local land office and twice was before the commissioner of the land office. The secretary's decision reverses all former decisions and finds in favor of Mrs. Barber, who died while the case was yet in dispute. Her son succeeds to her right. Dick T. Morgan has fought this case for six years, and the broad smile he wears today is worth while to see.

WRIT OF MANDAMUS ISSUED

Territorial Board Sustained in the Beaver County Tax Case.

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 17.—Chief Justice Burford last night ordered a peremptory writ of mandamus to issue against the county clerk of Beaver county, requiring that official to extend the territorial tax of three mills on the county tax-roll. In view of the action of the chief justice, it is likely that the official of Beaver county, which is in a position similar to Beaver county, will make the change without any further action on the part of the territory.

JAILER JAYNES RESIGNS

He Will Serve His Country by Changing the Swampy Philippines.

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 17.—Fred Jaynes, formerly of Elmd, who for the past two years has been jailer at the federal jail, under appointment of United States Marshal Thompson, has resigned his position to enlist in the Philippine army service. J. L. McCracken of Elmd has been appointed to fill the vacancy at the jail.

FALL TRIP TO PHILADELPHIA

Excursion Tickets to Philadelphia for

G. A. R. National Encampment will be sold Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28, via Yendalla-Pennsylvania Short Line, the through train route from St. Louis Union Station. Details may be secured by applying to A. B. Ritchie, T. P. Agt., Wichita, Kansas, or J. M. Chesbro, A. G. P. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

PRINTERS IN CONVENTION

Vote to Increase Dues—State of Allied

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 17.—By an almost unanimous vote, the delegates to the International Typographical union today adopted a constitutional amendment increasing the union's monthly dues 10 cents per copy of the increase of revenue to go to the defense of the union. The action must be ratified by the general membership. For three hours the convention in executive session considered the question affecting the craft which grew out of the stereotypes' strike in Chicago a year ago. Since the strike both union and non-union help has been employed in several of the allied printing trades and means of remedying this condition were considered today. When the session adjourned the matter was still under discussion and will be taken up at the first session tomorrow. All the delegates, many of the local printers and several of the local editors attended a banquet in the Griswold house this evening.

GRAND CIRCUIT RACES

Bingen Tests the Season's Fastest

Glenn Falls, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Today's events on the third day of the grand circuit meet here have furnished the most exciting races and closest finishes of the meet. Perfect weather still prevailed and the track is in splendid condition and remarkably fast, as is shown by the result of the second heat in the free-for-all trot, when Bingen, driven by Titter, went the quarter in 31.1-4, half in 1:33, three quarters in 2:03 and the mile in 2:36.1-4, bettering his own record by half a second and giving the fastest mile of the season on any track. Bingen's fast mile was all the more surprising as he started in sixth place. The Abbott was but a short half-length behind.

Just prior to the start of the 2:10 pace announcement was made that the favorite, Hal R., would not start on account of a cold, and all bets were declared off. The first heat of this event gave spectators a beautiful finish. Ace going under the wire first, with Filrt and Ambulator in the order named. In the last heat Ambulator threw a shoe and broke his hobbles shortly after getting the word and was obliged to leave the track. The final heat of the free-for-all trot was won by The Abbott in 2:36.5-4. Bingen, winner of the second heat, breaking in the first quarter and finishing sixth. Considerable money was lost on this heat. At the opening The Abbott sold for \$50, half \$20. After the second heat Bingen sold at \$100, half \$40. Coney won in the 2:28 pace as he placed in straight heats. Summary:

2:30 class, purse \$1,500. Pace: Ace won in straight heats. Time, 2:13.4; 2:08; 2:11. Filrt, second; Silvano, third. Sylvan Way, Ambulator and Filrt, fourth. Free-for-all trot, purse \$2,000. The Abbott won first, third and fourth heats. Time, 2:30; 2:03.4; 2:03.4. Bingen won second heat in 2:36.1-4, and was second. Monterey was third. Kentucky Union, Eagle Hamman, Directum Kelly and John Noton also started.

2:28 class pace, purse \$2,000. Coney won in straight heats. Time, 2:07.4; 2:04.4; 2:04.4. Tobogann, second; Lizzie Wilkes, third. Annie Thompson, Fire Girl, Eagle Medium, Mace and Wandering Jew also started.

Harness Races at Davenport. Davenport, Ia., Aug. 17.—At the third day of the August meeting of the Mile Track and Harness Association, Tommy Britton, free-for-all, broke the track record. Weather fine, track fast. Results:

2:30 class, trotting, purse \$200. Scarar won in straight heats. Time, 2:18; 2:17.4; 2:17.4. Phoebe, John I. and Admiral also started.

2:25 pacing, purse \$200. Armada Price won second, third and fourth heats. Time, 2:13.4; 2:13.4; 2:13.4. Alpha W. won first heat. Time, 2:13.4. Abbott Hill, Danton, Captain Dodd, General Otis, Lady Slope and Anodine also started.

Free-for-all trotting, purse \$500. Tommy Britton won in straight heats. Time, 2:18.4; 2:18.4; 2:18.4. Red Arthur, Mary E. Jay Maker, Miriam Logan and Oakland Belle also started.

MARKED BY CORPSES

Terrible Trail of Death in Arctic Alaska.

BRAVE WOMAN SURVIVES

Untold Horrors to Which Twelve Men Succumb.

New York, Aug. 16.—The Journal says: Mrs. Harmon W. Bens, who has just returned from Alaska to Seattle, has had probably the most tragic experience of any woman who has ever been to the arctic gold fields.

A year ago she started with her husband, Captain Bens, and a party of gold seekers on the schooner Elk, from Puget Sound for some new gold "diggings" of supposed fabulous richness on the Mackenzie river beyond the Klondike. But famine, scurvy, Arctic cold and darkness overtook them. One by one the strong men fell victims to disease and hardship and died. Mrs. Bens, frail and weak with wonderful strength of mind, nursed each in turn until her husband, Captain Bens, was the one man left. Finally he died of the slow poison of scurvy, and Mrs. Bens was left alone in a wilderness of darkness and snow and cold.

How she was rescued, what her anguish of mind and body was and how she has come back to civilization to begin life again after dying a hundred deaths, she says, is told in her own words, which were written a week ago for the Sunday Journal.

Mrs. Harmon W. Bens writes: My husband believed that gold could be found on the Mackenzie river or on some of the islands in the Arctic ocean.

He planned an extensive prospecting voyage, and without trouble interested a number of strong young men whom he met at Port Townsend.

He had maps of the district he intended to visit, and had received information of several rich Mackenzie river bars from an old Hudson bay trapper.

Captain Bens commenced work on the steam schooner Elk No. 1 at Port Townsend early in '98, having come from Bay City, Mich., en route for St. Michael. He superintended the work of construction, and soon a staunch craft was launched.

A small engine and propelling machinery were put in, and a schooner rig fitted up. The Elk was a peculiar looking craft, and attracted much attention on the Seattle waterfront, where the vessel was tied up for some time. She was just large enough to carry two years' provisions for a party of seventeen. Late in May the schooner sailed away.

Calling at St. Michael, we heard that rich discoveries had been made on the various rivers running into Kotzebue Sound. A rush to that unknown country was under way at that time, and we decided to abandon our expedition to the Arctic and try our luck on the Kotzebue. Anchoring in the Sound, four of the crew were picked by lot to stay with the schooner. The remaining thirteen, under my command, started digging, but like every one else lured to the district, found nothing but colors. We spent several months prospecting over the Kotzebue country.

Owing to inexperience we had not chosen the right provisions, and as no fresh meat or vegetables could be secured scurvy finally made its appearance. Dr. Vetter did his best to check the disease, but as he was compelled to work without medicine his task was a hard one. Several of the party died of the dread disease and were buried near the camp on the Belkitch.

Captain Bens had about made up his mind to return to the schooner and finish the winter on board, when the news came across the divide from the headquarters of the Koyukuk that gold had been found there.

We should have realized that we were in no condition to make the difficult trip of 300 miles, but the desire of gold overrode judgment, and not one wanted to turn back. Those sick with scurvy were willing to go on, in the hope of getting relief in the new diggings.

No one dreamed of the fate that was in store for them, or that the trip we were about to take would be the last for all but one—and the one woman.

We had been assured that game was abundant all the way, so did not fear starvation; and, although we had no dogs we believed that we could pull sleds over the soft snow with sufficient supplies for the trip. All unnecessary camp luggage was abandoned and the start up the Sellwicks river commenced.

The men were weaker than they thought and made but poor progress. To them, several graves were left behind before the Tegravick river was reached. Scurvy was rapidly thinning our ranks.

The unfortunate men who had recovered had remained in camp and taken care of themselves, but on the trail this was impossible. I did what I could to nurse them, but it was little enough that I could do.

The ascent of the Tegravick river was even more difficult. The trail was one of graves—rude Arctic graves barely under the surface of the snow.

A few stone and a log or two would be rolled on top to prevent wild beasts from devouring the dead. A smooth slab of wood with the name pencilled on was the only gravestone possible.

As the men in the party became fewer the bodies were barely put under the snow, for it was necessary to husband strength and gravingdig was hard work.

When the head of the Tegravick was reached it became necessary to cross from the watershed to the Kotzebue to that of the Koyukuk. To do this it was necessary to pass over two low divides.

While on this divide an Arctic blizzard swooped down upon us and enveloped the work of death that scurvy, starvation and exposure had begun.

The remaining five men were frozen in camp on the trail, and when the last divide was crossed only my husband and myself were alive.

My poor husband was a very sick man by this time. He had done his best to bring his party through, and had worked early and late.

I made a camp on the snow-covered banks of the Huskuskains river and tried to fix things as comfortably as possible for him. He was badly frozen, and evidence of scurvy were plain.

persuade me to push on alone to the Koyukuk, where the miners would assist me out of the country.

But I would not leave him. For nearly two weeks I hovered over him constantly.

On the morning of May 10 he breathed a farewell to me, and I was alone in my grief, with no human voice to speak one word of comfort.

Only a woman can realize my terrible position. I knew not how many miles I might be from human aid.

I marveled why and how I had been spared while those twelve men perished. I was too weak to dig my husband's grave; yet the thought of his body lying in that wretched tent, a prey of wild beasts, filled me with anguish.

To stay there was to die or become crazed.

I knew that the river would lead me to Koyukuk, but the distance was uncertain. I resolved to go on.

One can die but once, it is said; yet it seemed to me that I had already died a hundred deaths.

Slowly I "munched" along the trail. The sun shone bright after the terrible blizzard, but it made the trail soft and hard to travel.

An occasional print of moose or caribou crossed the river and gave me the only evidence of life in that barren and of snow and ice. Mile after mile I counted until nine separated me from the camp of death.

It was almost night, and I believed my hours were numbered. I wondered how long it would take me to die.

I had begun to look forward to death with something akin to joy. I wondered if our bodies would ever be found.

Reaching a place slightly protected from the night wind, I was about to lie down for a sleep that would know no waking.

Then out of the terrible stillness sounded the bark of a dog.

Its suddenness frightened me. Looking closer into the dusk ahead, I saw smoke rising from the head of a gully.

I cried out in joy and surprise. A gruff "hello" came answering back. Help had come at last.

Several prospectors had been up the river from the Koyukuk and gone into camp for the night after a hard day's travel.

They were Charles Grant, of Maine, and Messrs. Hansen and Johnson, of Seattle. They came to me at once and took me to their camp.

The first warm food I had eaten in several days was given me. I told them of my husband's body lying uncovered at the head of the creek.

They promised to bury it and I fell asleep utterly exhausted.

The next morning two of the miners went back and buried Captain Bens' body. They took some fur samples, which they placed in the ground, and on it built a bed of fur boughs. On this they placed a robe, on which the remains were laid, covering them over with another robe and more fur boughs.

They carved a square and compass on one end of the crude bier and on the other they carved a Maltese cross, the emblem of the Knights Templars, and his initials, "H. W. B." This was done so the remains could be identified if found.

They brought back what camp effects we had carried across the summit. That afternoon we started for Peavy, and I was well taken care of until the river broke.

Then I left Peavy in a row boat in charge of a Koyukuk prospector who was to bring me out. After floating a short distance down the river we were which taken up to bring me to Seattle.

Those of the Elk No. 1 crew who perished, besides Captain Bens, were Dr. Vetter, Beranton, Fox, Jas. Hutton, Bay City, Mich.; Captain Charles Smith, Port Hadlock, Wash.; John Stonehouse, Coupville, Wash.; Earl Plummer, Port Townsend, Wash.; Duncan McCull, Chicago, Ill.; Peter Johnson, sailor, San Francisco, and two sailors whose names I don't recall.

I have since learned that the four men left on the schooner have all died from scurvy.

Now I am trying to banish the fearful nightmare of the long Arctic night from which I have emerged and begin life over again in the more kindly warmth and light of civilization.

San Francisco, Aug. 17.—Jim Franny, the pugilist, injured by Frank McConnell in their fight last night, died this afternoon at 3:10, without having regained consciousness.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 17.—Reports from southwest Russia say that the recent drought in that portion of the country has caused the utter loss of the winter and spring wheat crops.

AZTEC CALENDAR

The Santa Fe Route has issued a handsome six months Calendar, July to December, 1899, which contains six separate reproductions in color ink of the Aztec calendar, and also a reproduction of the Aztec calendar in "Brush and Pencil," and cannot be obtained separately for less than \$1.50. In fact, some of them already command a high premium. The "Aztec Calendar" also has an engraved cover containing a reproduction of the ancient Aztec Calendar Stone. Obtainable for \$2 cents by applying to W. J. Black, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Topeka. May be ordered by mail.

SUMMER TOURIST RATES TO COLORADO

(Via the Santa Fe.)

Tickets on sale June 1 to September 15, inclusive; final return limit October 15, 1900. To Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver, \$22.50. Train leaving daily—elegant chair car and Pullman service—leaving Wichita 2:30 p. m. and 7:35 p. m. L. R. DELANEY, Agent.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TO GEUDA SPRINGS

Via the Great Rock Island to Caldwell and the K. S. W. Ry. Sunday, August 28. A whole day at the Springs. Leave Wichita 7:30 a. m., returning 9 p. m. No change of cars. \$2.00 for the round trip. A splendid opportunity for basket picnic parties in the shady groves and bathing in the mineral springs. E. DRAKE, D. P. A. E. W. THOMPSON, A. G. P. & T. A., Topeka, Kan.

TAKE THE FRISCO LINE

afternoon train to St. Louis and all points east. Train leaves union station at 1:30 p. m. Daily Eagle, by carrier, 10 cents a week.

HOTO TONDS MARCHING

Millions of Them Hopping the Ties Past Blencoe, Iowa.

SOME WONDERFUL EVENTS

In the History of the Ugly Little Batrachian.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—An army of track hopping tramp loads has taken possession of the gravel roadbed of the Sioux City and Pacific railway, and in an unbroken column, miles in length, is marching toward fashion past the good city of Blencoe, Ia. There are so many millions in this mighty army that they cannot be counted, and the ground is brown with the color thereof. Some of the Blencoe people are troubled at the visitation, because since time was loads have had attached to them and their doing all sorts of countryside superstitions.

If the reports which come out of the road-ridden land are accurate the batrachians are numerous enough, if they should divert their course from the rail road into the village, to repeat Pharaoh's plague of the frogs, "when the river brought forth frogs abundantly, which went up into the houses, and into the bedchambers, and upon the beds, and upon the people, and even into ovens and into the kneading troughs."

Now the load is not nearly so handsome a being as in his frog costume. He never could "a-swoon go" like his green-coated brother, despite the fact that Shakespeare proclaims that his toadship has a jewel in his head. Ugly and venomous the bard of Avon writes him down, and ugly an venomous to the people's minds he is to the day, although in reality he ranks with the birds as humanity's best friend.

As a matter of fact, it is more than likely that this brown skinned army without banners is moving along in military array to meet the great winged army of Rocky Mountain locusts now moving steadily eastward, and in Sherman's words, "foraging liberally upon the country."

Even though the toads are so harmless and helpful they doubtless will never get any one to love them. It must be admitted that appearances are "argin" them. The Blencoe people need not arrogate to themselves any particular distinction on account of this odd visitation, for in scores of instances the toads have appeared in immense bodies, and in some cases without any malice prepense have inaugurated veritable reigns of terror. Years ago, in the little Puritan settlement of Windham, Conn., out of which sprang perhaps more notable American families than from any other colonial hamlet, a migration of toads led the people to believe that the locusts in the last day had been sounded, and that they were all summoned, slinking and snoring, to answer at the bar of judgment. Tradition says that the migration which brought this fear upon the people was one of the frogs. Scientists of today lean rather to the toad theory, but it made little difference to the frightened populace which species of batrachian brook it was that brought the croaking horror into their midst.

Now it happened that there lived in Windham two colonial colonels, big men and dignified, by name Dyer and Elderskin. It may do no harm at this late date to say that both these military gentlemen were rather fond of good living so the story goes, than was perhaps exactly consistent with the strictest Puritan theories. Then they were gallant gentlemen withal. Some of the elders of the place looked a bit askance, perhaps, at some of the views of Colonel Dyer and Elderskin. There were slaves in Connecticut at that day and Windham held this share.

A peaceful night in May the Puritan families retired at their usual hour, "candle light," and at midnight were wrapped in a profound slumber. But no sleep however sound, could withstand the roar that broke upon that peaceful hamlet in the watches of the night. There was blended the noise of a million throats. It was guttural, harsh, and horrible, and it came out of the jetties blackness of midnight. The people of Windham jumped from their beds panic-stricken, threw on what clothes they could, and rushed out doors, many bearing pins and needles to sew up the holes in the lacy blackness. The slaves were prostrated with fear and clung to the knees of their masters. To noise ceased not for an instant, but on the contrary increased with every moment, and then the added horror of all the noise found shape in words which one quick eared, imaginative woman interpreted into this, all but two people accepting the interpretation readily: "Judgment day. Judgment day. Colonel Dyer and Elderskin, too, and catch a nigger, too."

It is perhaps needless to say that the only two people among the white inhabitants of the town who were not struck by the light of the torches bowed an immense concourse of frogs or toads banded down the main street of the town and croaking and "gluck glucking" like a myriad of night demons. It suddenly struck the people that if judgment day was at hand, notwithstanding the fact that Colonel Elderskin and Dyer seemed to have been signaled out by the visitants, the day of accounting according to the Bible was an all embracing affair, and thereat they all started trembling violently.

There is living in Chicago Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Norris, who is a direct descendant of the Colonel Elderskin whom the batrachians called to judgment that night. Mrs. Norris has heard the story of the invasion of the village a score of times from the lips of her grandmother, who as a child was taken to see the place from which the night disturbers came. To the days of their death Colonel Dyer and Elderskin were called Frog Dyer and Frog Elderskin, and if local Connecticut authorities are to be believed there has not been seen from that day to this either a toad or a frog in the meadow and pond from which took place that midnight migration.

Out in Utah the gull is a sacred bird. Olive Miller speaks of them as "great, beautiful, snowy creatures, two look strangely out of place so far from the sea shore." These gulls are sacredly protected by the law and by the people, and if ever any announcement of Brigham Young bore a semblance of truth it was that in which he declared that "the

The Misses Bell

Complexion and Hair Specialists.

The brilliant complexions of women in the more exclusive circles of New York society are not explained by the theory that associates beauty with wealth. In fact, many leaders of the world of fashion are hard workers. Yet they keep their good looks even when they are old. How do they manage it? THE MISSES BELL, of 75 Fifth Avenue, New York, themselves connected with some of the most noted and honored families in the metropolis, have answered the question. They have prepared for the use of women in general, five preparations for improving the complexion and the hair.



Five Toilet Treasures.

The Misses BELL'S COMPLEXION TONIC
Is an external application, the presence of which on the face cannot be detected. It is perfectly harmless even to the most delicate skin. It is a sure and quick cure for all roughness and eruptions. It adds to the complexion a natural, healthy, and beautiful bloom. It removes pimples, freckles, black heads, moles, patches, liver spots, comedones, and all skin diseases. It is a perfect skin tonic. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

The Misses BELL'S HAIR TONIC
Gives a beautiful and prevents any return of dandruff. It is a sure cure for itching of the scalp and makes the hair strong, soft and glossy. It is especially helpful to women, who are often troubled with falling hair. The tonic cleanses the scalp and keeps the roots of the hair in place. It is a perfect hair tonic. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

The Misses BELL'S CAPILLA-RENOVA
Is a hair restorative which helps the action of the Tonic. It is a sure cure for itching of the scalp and makes the hair strong, soft and glossy. It is especially helpful to women, who are often troubled with falling hair. The tonic cleanses the scalp and keeps the roots of the hair in place. It is a perfect hair tonic. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

The Misses BELL'S SKIN FOOD
Is a soft, creamy, exquisitely perfumed cream, which helps the action of the Tonic. It is a sure cure for itching of the scalp and makes the hair strong, soft and glossy. It is especially helpful to women, who are often troubled with falling hair. The tonic cleanses the scalp and keeps the roots of the hair in place. It is a perfect hair tonic. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

FREE

Send for our new book, "Secrets of Beauty." Free to any address.

The Misses Bell's Toilet Preparations are for sale in Wichita by Charles Lawrence, sole agent, 102 East Douglas Avenue.

Lord had sent these birds to his chosen people. Clouds of grasshoppers had destroyed the crops in many Western Territories. The insects attacked Utah by the million millions. Then it was that the gulls appeared—birds never before seen in that locality within the memory of man. The gulls came in tremendous flocks and devoured without stopping the hosts of the enemy and completely saved the crops from destruction. Now the birds follow the plow like chickens, and there has been found no mormon mean to raise his hand against them.

What the gull is to the Salt Lake region so is the toad to one section of a northwest Texas county. There was a comparatively small area